

## Under This Roof by eclecticxdetour

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**Summary:**

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# Under This Roof

## Author's Note:

This is an AU in the sense that Billy survived Starcourt and he and Steve got together.

**Title:** Under this Roof

**Pairing:** Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

**Word Count:** 3900

**Rating:** 18+

**Warnings:** post-season 03, canon divergence, established relationship, implied drug use, endearments, bottom!Steve, oral sex, rimming, anal fingering, barebacking, anal sex, felching, PWP, present tense

**Spoilers:** none

**Disclaimer:** I don't own any of these characters or their universe.

**Summary:** Living together isn't always a breeze. Steve tells Billy off for his bad habit, and Billy shows Steve he's sorry.

Living together is *great*.

Steve was too used to being on his own in Hawkins. Used to filling his childhood home with the chatter of radio jockeys, the canned laughter of family sitcoms, and the latest hits on MTV.

Sure, Dustin dragged Max and the other trolls by. Their shrieks and yells echoing off the bare walls as they made a mess of the living room and ate all his food. In and out like ants on a crumb by the time the streetlights flickered on in the evening. Robin hung out when they weren't sick of seeing each other's faces at Family Video. Brought sour candies and gushed about how much time Julie Sommers was spending with her at school. But she couldn't stay; had a family that cared if she wasn't home for bed.

After they became friendly, and especially after they got together, Billy spent the night as often as he could. Lazed about with Steve, boxes of half-eaten pizza between them as they ragged on the new releases he brought home from work. And when they were too lazy to get off the couch, Billy let him sleep spooned tightly behind him, or,

when they made it upstairs to bed, tucked up under Billy's arm with his head on Billy's chest. Which, yeah, was totally *awesome*, but he couldn't have Billy every night. Still ended up leaving all the lights on and blasting the TV more than he cared to.

So, living in California with Billy—with his *boyfriend*—is amazing. Even if he and Billy weren't in the same room, hearing him *existing* was comforting. His grunts of exertion as he lifted weights. The pops and sizzles and curses as Billy fought with the stove. The running sink as the dickhead brushed his teeth. Billy's snores as he napped.

Though being in the same space is the biggest plus. Crowded around the phone, updating Max and Dustin on their weekly phone call. On their tiny balcony, relaxing with a couple of cold ones and a joint Billy snagged from his boss at the surf shop. In their bedroom, lying in each other's arms after a shitty day. Or, most often, sprawled together on the sofa with as much contact as possible outside of sex.

Being able to get each other off whenever they feel like it is extremely rad, too.

He *loves* living with Billy, really, he does.

Except Billy left a tangle of hair on the shower wall *again*, and Steve regrets signing the lease as he gathers the knot with a wad of TP, fighting his gag reflex all the while. It's a miracle Billy's not bald from how much hair he leaves behind. Tossing the tissue in the trash, he storms out of the bathroom, bare feet slapping against the uneven hardwood. He can handle the hair at work. He *expects* it. Enjoys cutting it, and styling it, and dyeing it. But at home, pulling open the shower curtain and *unveiling* it, all wet and twisted, is incredibly *grody*.

Steve steps into the kitchen and pauses. Billy's leaning over the sink with his coffee, head slightly bobbing along with the radio. He lets his gaze rove over Billy: his damp curls drip onto his bare shoulders, silvery scars stark against his tan, cut-offs molded to his muscular thighs. Shaking his head, he plants his hands on his waist and scolds, "You didn't clean up your hair!"

"*Shit*," Billy flinches, sloshing coffee over his hand and into the sink,

"I didn't know you were awake." He turns away from the basin, gaze dropping and morphing into a leer. "*Well*, that must've really ticked you off."

Steve looks down at himself and rolls his eyes, folding his arms across his naked hips. "I was about to wash up. I've told you a thousand times to get rid of your hair after you shower."

"O-kay," drawls Billy, setting his mug aside and sucking coffee off of his thumb. He presses his palms behind him on the edge of the sink, crossing his ankles, "Do you want me to go do that?"

Sighing, Steve cards a hand through his fringe, tugging it lightly and shaking his head. "I already chucked it."

Lifting a brow, Billy asks, "Were you looking for an apology then, or...?"

"*No*."

Billy runs his tongue over his teeth, pushing away from the counter. Head cocked, he looks Steve up and down, prowling toward Steve. "No? So you don't want me to get down on my knees and tell you that I'm sorry? *Show you* that I'm sorry?"

"I don't want an apology, I want you to clean up after yourself..." mumbles Steve, chewing on his lower lip as Billy stops in front of him.

"So you *wouldn't* be less steamed if I made you blow a load?"

Steve's breathing quickens, heat pooling in his belly. He knew what Billy was getting at, *obviously*, but hearing Billy lay it out so plainly always hit him straight in the gut. "Well, I mean..."

Billy grabs Steve's hands, spreading Steve's arms out at Steve's sides, eyes intent on Steve's dick. He slowly licks his lips, and Steve's cock jerks in interest. "Mm, definitely seems like you're into that idea."

"Who *wouldn't* be into getting sucked off?"

"Who said anything about that?"

His mouth opens and closes, brow pinching. Billy meets his eyes and slowly guides their clasped hands to Steve's ass, squeezing his cheeks. He pushes back into the cup of their palms, gasping out a "*Fuck*."

Leaning closer, Billy rubs his scruffy cheek against Steve's and whispers, "That seem like a good enough apology to you, Harrington?"

"Not an apology, but I'd *actually* be stupid to turn you down." Steve huffs, and Billy presses a smirk into his shoulder. He shakes free of Billy's grip, settling his hands on Billy's waist. Billy's still sun-warm, that heat baked into his skin from his morning on his board. Squeezing Billy's sides, he pulls Billy closer, tilting his head back under Billy's sucking kisses.

"*Stupid*, nah, just a little...crazy," says Billy, fisting Steve's cock and flexing his grip.

Steve moans, fingers tightening over Billy's flanks. His dick quickly hardens in Billy's hand, filling out fast enough to leave him a little dizzy. Billy snickers and rests his free hand at the small of his back, steadying him. He keeps his hands curled over Billy's sides, rocking his hips into the slow, firm slide of Billy's fist. "Def-definitely would be crazy," he sighs, watching Billy angle his dick toward his stomach, thumb smearing sticky circles over the crown.

"Gonna *drive* you crazy, Stevie, that's for damn sure," says Billy, ducking his head and licking Steve's fuzzy sternum.

"How about you quit talkin' and do it?"

Billy glances at Steve from under his lashes, smirking. Steve swallows hard, and he takes both hands off of Steve, slowly folding onto his knees at Steve's feet.

Unsteady, Steve leans his hip against the counter, then fully rests his ass against the edge when Billy exhales hotly over his dick. "I'm not exactly feeling your remorse, here, Billy..." he says, staring down at Billy's upturned face. Billy parts his lips and slowly extends his tongue. His belly dips, then all at once his cock is enveloped in the soft, wet heat of Billy's mouth. "Oh my *god*," he hisses, palms

smacking back against the counter edge, clinging to it and a shred of his self-control.

Billy's *wicked* with his tongue, slick muscle wriggling against the underside of his dick. The tip teases where his sac meets the base of his shaft, and he groans, hips inching closer, smushing Billy's nose into his short curls. The *worst* thing is that Billy isn't even touching him. Big hands resting over the shredded hems of Billy's jean shorts. Usually Billy paws at his hips when he does this, grounding him a little with that solid pressure, or fists what he isn't swallowing. But *this*, all mouth, Billy lazily tonguing and sucking, stuffed fucking *full* steals Steve's breath. "B-Billy," he stutters, toes curling.

Inhaling deeply, Billy slowly works his cock, wetly bobbing from root to crown. Steve lets out a shaky breath and rests a hand on Billy's head, keeping his eyes locked with Billy's. "Fuck, Billy, you look good," he sighs, leaving Billy to set the pace. His gaze darts to the stretch of Billy's mouth, lips shiny and swollen around him. He tightens his grip on the counter edge, balls jerking. "Oh *fuck*."

Blow jobs are a regular thing between them—couldn't keep Billy's mouth off of him, really, not that he'd ever tried to—and Billy's always known how to make him lose it. Almost popped off early watching Billy drop to his knees the first time. Now Billy can get him from 0 to 1000 in less than a minute. Steve's nearly at that point already, eyes locked on Billy at his feet. He rubs his fingertips against Billy's scalp, Billy's eyes falling closed, pleased hum vibrating along his dick and making his belly flutter.

He chews on his bottom lip, letting go of Billy to flatten his hand around the base of his cock. The tip of Billy's nose brushes his thumb, scruffy chin nudging against his knuckles every time Billy sucks him down. "Billy, if you have other plans, you might wanna s-stop," says Steve, curling his fingers over his sac and gently squeezing.

*Finally*, Billy's hands clamp over Steve's hips, grip possessive as he opens his eyes to meet Steve's. He pulls back until he's only tonguing the head, precome and spit ribboning with the swirl of his tongue. "Turn around," he says, voice *raw*.

Steve nearly bashes his knee against the side of the counter from how

quick he is to obey. He lays his palms flat on the countertop and looks at Billy over his shoulder. Billy's still on his knees, one hand pressed over the zip of his cut-offs, the other palming his ass, thumb teasing in between. “*God*, are you going t—*fuck!*”

Billy *buries* his face between his cheeks, scrape of Billy's facial hair a wild contrast to the hot twist of Billy's tongue. Billy's other hand joins to spread him open, and Steve arches his back, tipping his hips closer.

His chin falls to his chest, mouth dropping open around a moan. Billy thumbs the edges of his hole, focusing the strokes of his tongue at the center. The frenzied flicker makes Steve rock on his toes. His hands skitter and squeak across the counter, Billy's fingers digging into the meat of his ass.

Pulling back, Billy pants against Steve's left cheek, slowly, teasingly breaching Steve with the tips of his thumbs. “Fuck, Steve, the way you taste...” He kisses the top of Steve's crack and then licks down to where Steve's taking his fingertips. Carefully prying his thumbs apart, he hawks a glob of saliva into Steve's body.

“Ah,” gasps Steve, jerking toward the cabinet. He steadies his palms on the countertop and looks at Billy again, watching Billy work his spit into his body with his left thumb, the other soothingly stroking around the stretch. Taking a deep breath, he shoves back on Billy's hand, groaning when there's no more of Billy's thumb to take.

Humming, Billy licks around his thumb, giving Steve a few seconds before making small circles with his finger.

“*Shit*, Bill.” Steve's thighs quake and he spreads his legs wider, flattening his feet against the kitchen tile. Billy starts to free his thumb, and his breathing hitches, moan rumbling from deep in his chest when Billy pushes it all the way in again. His dick's leaking against the cabinet, drawing trails of precome with every twitch of his hips. He reaches back with one hand and tangles his fingers in the top of Billy's hair, urging Billy back between his cheeks.

“Such a slut for it, Harrington,” whispers Billy, following the words with the twirl of his tongue.

"Yeah," agrees Steve, sighing shakily and shoving back into Billy. Letting go of Billy's hair, he wraps his hand around his dick, squeezing when it kicks in his fist.

Billy leans back with a sharp breath, right hand rubbing up and down Steve's outer thigh. He bites Steve's asscheek and sucks, laving over the skin. Steve whimpers and jerks away. "Did I say you could touch yourself?"

"Figured I shouldn't blow all over the cabinet so soon," says Steve, glancing back at Billy.

"How thoughtful." Billy unseats his thumb and drags the flat of it over Steve's slick hole. "Stay put."

Frowning, Steve watches Billy stand and kiss his shoulder blade.

He slaps Steve's ass, says, "I'll be right back," then leaves Steve panting and bent over the cabinet.

"God," huffs Steve, bending one knee and then the other, stretching out the tension in his calves and thighs. He rubs a hand over his face and back through his hair, sweat keeping it in place. His heart's racing, chest and the back of his neck damp even though Billy's been doing most of the work.

Half a minute later Billy's bare feet smack down the hallway, and he looks toward the doorway. Billy's dick strains against the zip of his shorts, chin, mouth, and nose still shiny with spit. He's tossing their lube between his hands. "Yeah, c'mon," says Steve, squeezing the base of his cock and then pressing his palm back on the countertop.

Billy crowds behind Steve and grinds against his ass, drag of worn denim making Steve shiver. "Hell, Stevie," he whispers, setting the lube on the counter and then cupping Steve's hips. He pulls Steve back as he bucks forward, rubbing his bulge between Steve's cheeks. "Maybe I'll get us off like this instead." Steve snaps a glare at him, and he snickers, burying his face in the crook of Steve's neck.

"Wasn't this supposed to be some kind of apology?" asks Steve, still rocking against the shallow grind of Billy's hips.



"I thought you didn't want an apology," taunts Billy, smearing kisses along Steve's shoulder.

Billy flips the lube open with one hand, and Steve's annoyed that he's impressed. Billy leans away and squeezes a ridiculous amount of gel down the crease of his ass. "*Bil-ly...*" he whines exasperatedly, trailing off when two of Billy's thick fingers work the lube around his hole.

"What? You *like* it messy." Billy's right hand clutches at his hip and then Billy's fingers push against his hole. Steve slowly exhales, his body easily taking Billy's slicked up digits. "Jesus, wouldja lookit that."

Steve rolls his hips, Billy's knuckles bumping against his asscheek when his fingers are all the way in. He clenches, that slight weight inside him making his nipples tighten, precome dribbling from the tip of his cock.

"Greedy little hole." Billy's fingers *curl*, and Steve tosses his head back with a groan. Billy clasps the underside of his chin and turns him toward Billy's mouth, kissing him for the first time this morning.

Steve moans, sloppily kissing Billy back as Billy fucks him with his fingers. "*More*, Billy, one more."

"Always want more, don't you, babe?" teases Billy, third finger brushing against Steve's taint. He twists his fingers as he pulls them out, then squeezes more lube over all three. Dropping his right hand to hold Steve open, he slides his lubed fingers up and down Steve's crack, pushing inward when Steve's desperate enough to keen and cant back.

"*Fuck yes*, so good..." murmurs Steve, hands curving into fists as he fucks himself on Billy's fingers, Billy holding his wrist still, letting him do whatever he wants. He grinds his ass on Billy's hand, twisting and circling his hips, stretching himself apart for Billy's cock.

Billy groans and strokes the bow of Steve's spine, petting the smooth, sweat-slick skin. He rests his hand on Steve's side and licks the back of Steve's neck, curling the fingers of his other hand every time Steve takes them deep. "Almost ready for me, pretty boy," he says, kissing

Steve's throat and grinning when Steve whimpers.

"I can take it," sighs Steve, frowning when Billy's fingers disappear. He twists and moans, Billy wrenching down his zipper and pulling out his cock. Billy smears the excess lube over his length and then teasingly rubs the head up and down his crack.

"You *will* take it," answers Billy, squeezing Steve's right hip and circling Steve's asshole. "Ready?" he asks, already pressing the tip against the stretched muscle.

Without answering, Steve braces himself and rolls his hips, gasping when Billy's cockhead breaches his body.

"*God*," gasps Billy, nails digging crescents into Steve's skin, stilling Steve's movement. "So *wet*," he says, pulling out and pressing the head back in.

"*Billy*," whines Steve, fighting Billy's hold and growling when Billy pulls out *again*. "I'm not a fucking *Fun Dip*."

Snorting, Billy traces Steve's hole and nudges the tip in for a third time. "You sure? 'cuz you're definitely *fun* to *dip* my dick in," he says, laughing midway.

Steve rolls his eyes as Billy pops frees. "And you call *me* a fucking tease."

"Alright, chill out." Billy eases the crown in and *keeps pushing*, both hands tight over Steve's hips. Fully enveloped, he presses his face in between Steve's shoulder blades and gasps Steve's name. "Happy?" he asks after a few seconds, wiggling his hips against Steve's ass.

"Getting there," says Steve, covering Billy's left hand with his own, supporting himself with his right. "*Fuck me*."

Winding their fingers together, Billy kisses Steve's nape and pulls back his hips, slowly fucking into Steve.

Steve sighs and presses his left palm back on the counter, force of Billy's thrusts throwing off his balance. He groans and shoves back on Billy's cock, dropping down onto his forearms, Billy's fingers biting

into his hips as Billy fucks him harder.

“*God*, babe, just fucking taking it,” says Billy, in awe, pulling Steve into every buck.

Steve lets himself be used. Rests his forehead against his fists, moans echoing off of the counter. Billy pushes in and stills, zip of Billy's jeans grating against the sensitive skin of his asscheeks, denim chafing the blooming bruise from Billy's teeth. “*Billy*,” he groans, clenching around Billy's cock just to hear him swear.

“*Fuck*,” hisses Billy, curling over Steve and licking the glisten of sweat across the tops of his shoulders. “My pretty boy, fucking *glowing*,” he teases, right hand slip-sliding over Steve's slick back when he straightens. He anchors his hand on Steve's shoulder, grip bruising as he resumes his movements.

Steve lifts his head from his fists and glances back at Billy. He's *dripping*, sweat shining on the ridges of his scars and through the dips of his abs. Billy's *stupid* tongue is out, wagging obscenely like he's the filthiest thing Billy's ever seen, and his dick twitches. Lube and precome slide down over his balls, pulled up taut and firm, *aching*. He sneaks his hand between his legs, squeezing for relief and to keep himself from coming. “*God*, that's—*right* there, Billy, *fuck*.”

Billy grabs Steve's hips, keeping Steve at that perfect angle where every thrust causes pleasure to ripple through him. “There it is, baby. Gorgeous taking my cock, Harrington. *Fuck*, you're gonna make me come. Gonna make me fill you up...”

“Yeah. *Yeah*, I want you to, Bill,” says Steve, hoisting himself onto his palms and rocking back into Billy's thrusts, Billy's shorts muffling the smack of their bodies. Billy's hand slips up his side and around to his chest, fingertips toying with the hard peak of his nipple. Moaning, he watches Billy tweak it, flushed and swollen between Billy's tanned fingers. “*Fuck*.”

Billy snakes his left hand around to Steve's cock, grip loose enough that it glides through Billy's fist every time Billy fucks into him. “Billy...*Billy!*” shouts Steve, wildly jerking his hips between Billy's dick and hand. “Almost, almost, so *close*...”

"That's right, Stevie, you're gonna come for me," says Billy, dropping his hand back to Steve's hip and guiding Steve's movements, pulling Steve back into the rhythm of his making.

"For you...gonna *come*—ah!" Steve's head whips back and he groans, Billy stilling deep inside him as Billy milks him of his orgasm, come striping the side of the cabinet in fat, messy streaks.

Billy turns Steve's head toward him, and Steve pants into Billy's mouth. Cups Billy's cheek and kisses Billy like Billy deserves. "*Shit*," he laughs, patting Billy's face and whining when Billy squeezes his dick. "C'mon, your turn." He firmly places both hands on the counter and moves his hips.

"God yes...." The focus on his own orgasm, Billy hammers into Steve, hardly pulling back before bucking forward. Shallow thrusts that have Billy swearing and groaning behind him.

"Yeah, *fuck* yeah, Bill, come in me..."

"*Steve*," moans Billy, stilling balls deep, hands tight over Steve's hips as he finds his own release. "Christ," he murmurs, kissing Steve's shoulder and shifting on his feet.

"Yeah," sighs Steve, wriggling until Billy pulls out. There's a solid thud behind him, and he looks back to find Billy on his knees again. "What are you—"

"Cleaning up after myself," says Billy, lapping up the trail of come and lube from Steve's inner thigh and then sealing his mouth around Steve's puffy hole.

"Oh my *god*!" squeals Steve, face and chest flushing anew as Billy sucks and slurps him clean. His dick jumps and he chews on his lip, sore, used entrance soothed under the gentle swipes of Billy's tongue. It's far from the first time Billy's eaten him out afterward, but it still sends a filthy thrill through him. He lets Billy go at it, eyes squeezing closed when Billy licks as far into him as he can. "Okay, okay, *enough*," he laughs, shuddering and shoving at Billy's forehead. He turns around and leans back on his elbows. "Jesus."

Billy stands, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand, and wedges himself between Steve's legs. He rests his hands on Steve's hips as he presses a chaste kiss to Steve's mouth. "Sorry I forgot about my hair."

"What?" asks Steve, frowning until Billy raises his eyebrows. "Oh, right. It's whatever. All good," he laughs, petting Billy's side.

"It *is* *funny* though..."

"What?" Steve's momentarily distracted by Billy licking his lips. "Wait, *what's* funny?" Billy keeps staring at him, and he sighs, pinching Billy's hip. "Don't do this to me, Bill, you know how I am after I come..."

Billy snickers, nodding slightly. "I do know," he says, scraping his teeth across his bottom lip. He tips his head and catches Steve's eyes, raking his nails up and down Steve's sides, "It's just funny how you got all riled up over a few strands of my hair when you *always* clog the shower drain and I've *never* told you off for it."

"I-I do?" asks Steve, shivering, eyes wide.

"Sure do, Princess...Every time I shower the tub fills 'cuz your hair's blocking it up." Steve wrinkles his nose, lips pursing, and Billy laughs. "Exactly, pretty gnarly. You got anything to say for yourself?"

"Yeah," says Steve, grinning dopily, and grabbing Billy's waist, "Looks like it's my turn to show you I'm sorry." He pushes a smirking Billy backward out of the kitchen and guides him down the hallway to their bedroom.

Living together isn't always a breeze, but it's pretty close to perfect.

### **Author's Note:**

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